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Pac. Theo Sem
Reading Room

Zion.

Edward A. Wicher.

There is a holy city,
That dwelleth safe, secure,
Built on a firm foundation,
Forever to endure;
Holding the healing solace,
Of every earthly pain,
The beatific vision
Of Christ, the Lamb once slain.

Her mansions are eternal,
Her walls are fair and strong,
Lifted in full perfection,
Radiant with light and song.
She hath a wondrous glory
That shineth from within,
She hath a bridal beauty
Without a stain of sin.

Below, amid the shadows,
No steadfast house doth rise,
No safe and noble dwelling
Doth meet our longing eyes.
Our days are strewn with fragments,
Our paths are wet with tears,
We backward look with anguish
After the vanish'd years.

Our folly hath destroy'd us,
Our pride hath us undone.
God only is immortal,
Zion doth stand alone.
The things we make are shaken,
The works of earth and fame.
The home of hearts made perfect
Doth still abide the same.

O Father, as in heaven,
On earth thy will be done,
Help us to build our city
Like to thy holy one.
In majesty and beauty,
In purity and peace,
In love that filleth duty,
Until the ages cease.

THE PACIFIC

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LIVING BY EXPURGATED EDITIONS OF THE BIBLE.

Dr. Krishna, an educated Hindoo, and one who was for many years under the influence of Herbert Spencer, was sent to this country not long ago by a patriotic Hindoo society to learn and to carry back to his native land all the good he could from our customs and institutions. He has been lecturing in some of our coast cities, and it is evident that he is not as favorably impressed by our civilization as might be wished. He says that Li Hung Chang once said to him that what most impressed him in Europe and America was "the morality which he did not see." Dr. Krishna says some things which ought to cause Europeans and Americans to reflect. One remark is: "We Hindoos did not drink whisky till the English brought it to us and taught us how. Last year India bought $8,000,000 worth of it. We heathen taught Christians to drink coffee, tea and cocoa; in return they have taught us to drink whisky, beer, and wine."

The pointing out of some of the defects of our civilization will not do any harm. But we regret that Dr. Krishna fails to see any good coming to his people from Christian missionaries. What India and England and America need is more Christianity—more wide-spread, and a better kind than is manifested in many lives. And in order to introduce it in the speediest manner possible it behooves the people in Christian lands to see to it that a better and higher Christian living prevails among them.

Once a heathen chief in Zululand said to an English missionary: "You missionaries deceive us poor black fellows. You teach from two books—the original book from which the white man learns, which allows him to swear and drink, to be immoral, and do anything he pleases; then you alter that book so that those things which were originally allowed are now forbidden, and you come to the black man with that expurgated edition. You are therefore deceiving us."

Beyond question the immoral living of many Europeans and Americans in heathen lands has been a great hindrance to the acceptance of the Christian religion. And when some of those heathen come over to Christian lands and see the living not only of a large number of people who are not professing Christians but of many others who are they are surprised further. The lives of too many Christians suggest expurgated editions of the Bible. What is needed is more living epistles, known and read of all men as genuine testimonials.

AN ALASKAN GIFT.

Alaska has proved of great value already to the United States. No one today can estimate its value in the future to our people and nation. One of the contributions it is about to make is, according to reports, a gift of $500,000 annually from a valuable mining property, which is owned by a man in Cincinnati, to the work of the prohibition party. The donor, Mr. J. B. Martin, is an ardent prohibitionist, and believes that it is through that party that the liquor traffic is finally to be wiped out. This contribution will enable the party to work on a much larger scale than heretofore. It is said that it has never yet had more than $50,000 a year for the carrying on of its work.

It has not yet become apparent to any large number of persons who desire the prohibition of the liquor traffic that it can be brought about through the prohibition party. Perhaps they are not far-seeing enough. The party polled only 156 votes for governor in the election in California this year. At a recent meeting of ministers two remarked that they had once thought this work was to be accomplished through that party but that they had changed their minds as to that and believed now that it would be in some other channel. But the prohibition party can help toward the desired end if it will act judiciously, and we are glad to see its funds increasing thus. If it cannot poll a large vote it can go on building up a public sentiment against the traffic, and after a while the temperance people will see the way to do it and will unite and strike down the accursed thing. Abraham Lincoln said, as he stood as a young man and looked on the horrors of the slave auction in New Orleans, "If God ever gives me a chance I will strike slavery a hard blow." Later, God give him a chance and he struck the blow. God gives a chance sometime for the striking of a hard and killing blow at every evil. Let us see to it that we do not let any of those chances pass by unimproved.

BERKELEY SAYS THE SALOON MUST GO.

Congratulations are in order for Berkeley which, by the decision of the city council, has prohibited the saloons after the end of this month. For many years no saloons have been allowed within a mile of the University. This has been under a state enactment. And now they are to be banished from the corporate limits. For some time nine have been allowed in West Berkeley. When these go out of existence, in a few weeks, Berkeley will be the largest city in California having no saloons, the population being about 30,000. That the closing of the saloons will operate in accelerating her growth is beyond question. It will make a large territory just as desirable in many respects for residence as that within the mile limit has been. And it will make West Berkeley and a large area near the bay far more desirable for manufacturing purposes than they have been. The day has arrived when men who invest their money in manufacturing enterprises prefer places where the saloon does not exist. It is too damaging.

It is worthy of note that the two daily papers in Berkeley have joined with the churches and others in the battle against the saloon. When the Gazette took the stand it did take about five years ago it was predicted not only by the saloon element, but by others also, that it would be ruined. But the paper is in

a better financial condition today than ever before.

Let there be no backward step as to the saloon in Berkeley. In a little while the city will have a population of 50,000. Let it be the resolve that from this great educational center there shall forever go out the word that places of considerable size can keep out the saloon.

THE PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

The Rev. Dr. William Horace Day, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles, has returned from the Orient. The Los Angeles Times, speaking of the esteem in which Dr. Day is held by his church people, says: "The fact that this loyal pastor has just refused a position that carries with it a salary of $6,000—that of general secretary of the National Congregational Home Missionary Society, with headquarters in New York,—and remains with his people here, has strengthened and deepened the tie of affection that has always bound them." The Pacific congratulates the people of the First Church of Los Angeles and the people widely in Southern California in that Dr. Day has decided to remain in the pastorate. Indeed we congratulate the entire coast, Dr. Day's work and influence being by no means limited to Southern California.

The Portland Ministerial Association and other good people have attacked the nickel-in-the-slot-machines in that city. It is said that "covered with the garb of respectability" they appeal to the young and is a great promoter of vice. It has been ascertained that these machines in the cigar stores have made it possible for those stores to pay such rent as to drive out from desirable locations many drug, grocery and dry-goods stores. A member of a firm, the business of which it is to furnish bonds for men trusted with financial responsibility, says that since the closing of the large gambling establishments of Portland there has not been a defalcation or failure for them to make good. Now, the thought is that if these machines which promote the gambling mania in embryo can be gotten rid of there will be further improvement. The latest word from Portland is that the slot machines have been ordered out by the city authorities, and that dice have taken their place. It is thought that the dice will not prove so alluring.

The Oakland Tribune is of opinion that the days of the First Congregational and First Methodist and First Presbyterian churches in their present locations in that rapidly growing city are numbered. The Tribune says: "A valuation of $400,000 has been placed on the property of the Congregational, and $250,000 upon the holding of the Methodist church, and well-informed realty men in this city say that the estimate is not excessive under the circumstances. It is known that the trustees of both congregations have for some weeks been looking for other eligible sites on which the new churches, which must sooner or later be erected, may be built, anticipating the eventual change, but, thus far, have not succeeded in finding places which may in many ways be compared to the present locations. What has been said as to the two congregations referred to may with equal force, be applied to the First Presbyterian Church. There has been no marked change in the situation of the church with respect to sale since the matter was referred to in these columns several weeks ago. The trustees have made up their minds to make no haste in disposing of the property, because they know that they can command the highest price for it, more especially as it is soon to be near the grand tourist hotel, which is to be constructed a few blocks from it on the east." That the question of a change of location, ultimately, has been considered by these churches informally is beyond question. That there is much probability of any change for several years yet, except on the part of the Presbyterian, is not at all evident. It would be very difficult for the Congregational and Methodist churches to find other sites so advantageous as those occupied now. And the Presbyterian Church could not better its location were it not for the fact that it is now in such proximity to a railroad station. Each of these churches can be reached now in a most convenient manner by cars coming in to the center of Oakland from all parts of the city. And it is the belief of many that other locations so desirable in this respect cannot be secured. The church changing its location will run the risk of being changed from a church drawing congregations from a wide territory to one drawing from a territory much more circumscribed and local.

AN INTERDENOMINATIONAL GATHERING.

An interdenominational meeting of much interest to all who were in attendance, and one, we believe, of far-reaching influence for good, was held in Oakland Tuesday evening of last week. It was under the direction of the Interdenominational Missionary Federation, which called together pastors and laymen from a large number of churches hereabouts, to consider especially at that time the question of holding a missionary institute such as was held last year in San Francisco—this to be conducted by the Young People's Missionary Movement. Mr. E. D. Soper, one of the secretaries of that organization, was present and spoke concerning its objects. He stated that the Movement stood fundamentally for a campaign of education, and that it had already proved so advantageous that the secretaries of the different missionary organizations were this year entering into it more heartily than ever before. The goal in the home land is through the institutes that are held, and otherwise, to train leaders who can take charge of such work in the local churches as will result in the creation of the needed missionary interest. In foreign lands the goal is the planting of self-propagating and self-supporting churches. In other words, this and all other missionary societies exist to make themselves unnecessary.

In the course of his remarks Mr. Soper said that the Young People's Movement was the federated soiceties of our own churches for the doing of a certain work asked by the misisonary boards of the different denominations. It was gratifying, he said, to find this Interdenominational Missionary Federation here in California working right along the line of the Young People's Movement. The Federation was congratulated on the remarkably fine and successful convention which had been held in Oakland recently, and it was shown that the missionary institute was needed to conserve enthusiasm and lay solid foundations. But the institute must not be allowed to be an end in itself. It should bring leaders together, or those who can be made leaders and send them back to build in the local field. The institute is a school of methods, and it has been found that interest in mission

study classes and in mission work is greatest where its influence has gone.

Contemplating what had been accomplished and what was yet calling for accomplishment, Mr. Soper expressed the deep conviction that the time had come in missionary effort for the denominations to forget their differences, to federate, and so to push on the geratest movement of the ages.

Bishop Bell, of the United Brethren Church, told of the glad joy he had in this federated missionary work. The Christian world, he believes, is beginning to catch the mighty significance of fellowship, and through it God is going to lead the world on to grand heights of righteousness, and we shall soon see this federated missionary movement to have been the best thing born in the 20th century.

The Rev. Ng Poon Chew spoke of his faith in missions, showing in a graphic manner what missions had done for Europe and America, what they had done for him and were doing now for his people and others in the Orient. Take away the influences of the church of Christ, he said, and nothing would be left in the world save a reign of selfishness and greed. Joy was in his heart and rang in his tones when he contrasted his modest little home in this Christian land, with the presence and spirit of the Savior in it, with the darkened homes of heathendom. Sorrow was in his heart when he thought of how opium had cursed his people, but through Christianity there was light ahead and he expressed the firm conviction that it would in time prove the cure of all their ills and place his people in the forefront of civilization.

The Rev. Dr. Dille showed that the missionary interest in the local church depended to a large extent upon the pastor. And very plainly was it made evident that only the church which does its duty abroad is blessed at home. Illustrations were give of this. Talmage's church in Brooklyn was not a missionary church, and it is today only a memory. That wing of the Baptists which neglected foreign missions had no growth.

Dr. Dille stated that he had come in his church to have a month for missions, in addition to preaching on that subject now and then at different times through the year. The mission study class he regards as the joy of every true pastor's heart and the hope of the future.

The Rev. Dr. George C. Adams spoke concerning the problems of the pastor as related to the missionary work of the church. He said that many church members were better educated in automobiles than in missions, and that such was the lack of information, and therefore of consecration to missions, on the part of the average member as to make it difficult to keep up the contributions to the work.

It is the opinion of Dr. Adams that a readjustment of thought and emphasis between home and foreign missions is demanded. More consceration is needed to hold on to much of the work at home than to go as a foreign missionary. The man who goes abroad feels that there is a power behind him; often the missionary in the home land is fearfully bound and crippled. San Francisco needs misisonaries, said Dr. Adams, as much as Yokahama needs them, and he will rejoice if this federation shall result in making possible a less grinding and wasteful effort here in the home land.

Two prominent Christian laymen were on the program, Mr. D. Edward Collins of the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland, and Mr. B. S. Hays of the First Congregational Church of San Francisco. Mr. Collins presiding while the talks were made around the dinner table, said that he rejoiced in the present-day cooperation throughout the Christian world. He held up, as the one great thing to be desired today, the recreating of everything in the spirit of Christ. Everywhere profession must be backed up by the life; and every one who stands for righteousness in the complexity of our civilization is a great religious teacher.

Mr. Hays spoke on The Missionary Layman, making manifest the need for lay workers in every department of the church, the pastor having "a big job on his hands," in the multiplicity of his duties. Incidentally Mr. Hayes remarked that he had been a member of the Church of the Disciples and of the Presbyterian Church before he was a Congregationalist, and that he found no practical difference. And so like all others gathered there that day he welcomed this co-operative movement for the good of man and the glory of God.

The Missionary Institute which was arranged for at this meeting here reported is to be held in Berkeley in the second week in January. Berkeley was selected because of the large number of young people in attendance at the University.

Among those who will lead in this institute work are: Rev. H. G. Bissell and Miss Ethel Hubbard of the American Board, the Rev. Dr. McMiliken, the assistant educational secretary of the Presbyterian Board, the Rev. Dr. E. B. Chivers and Miss Ella Mac Lauren of the Baptist Board and Mr. E D. Soper.

Arrangements are being made by Mr. Soper for the holding of institutes in Los Angeles, Portland, Tacoma, Seattle and Spokane.

Great good came from the institutes which were conducted last year, and much is anticipated from those which are now arranged.

Any report of this interdenominational meeting would be incomplete without mention of the Rev. Dwight E. Potter, the pastor of the Union Street Presbyterian Church of Oakland, who has been the moving spirit in the Interdenominational Missionary Federation, and the one to whom above any other has been due the success which has been attained. Mr. Potter has the real missionary spirit. The interest and success of the meeting last week were due largely to his consecrated direction.

EAST AND WEST.

D. Gilbert Dexter.

The Trip East.

A two months' trip East brought much of interest and food for thought to one who lives in San Francisco. The reflections not only involve the stricken metorpolis of the Pacific but California and the whole Pacific coast as well.

In going from place to place in New England great changes are observable. Perhaps the most notable change is the character of the population. What is meant by this remark is the decadence of the old native American element and the large influx of foreign population. With this comes new or foreign ideas not much in harmony with the "Old New England" thought or customs. In fact, you see as much or more of pure Americanism today, on the Pacific coast as on the New England. Boasted Boston has

more foreign peoples, or mixed population than San Francisco, including her Japs and Chinamen. The dangerous criminal and ignorant class is more plentiful in Boston than in San Francisco. San Francisco is not the wickedest city in America. Some Eastern papers fling mud at San Francisco, with deeper filth at their own doors.

The Press.

Speaking of the Press, just a word. From perusal it can be said there is not so much of the sensational or "Yellow" caste here at the West as East. By this is meant the daily press. The people here demand a better tone. There is great room for improvement here as elsewhere. A purer press will bring a better and purer thought—a better people.

The Rebuilding of San Francisco.

There seems to be one dominant thought or query among the people East—Will San Francisco be rebuilt? The prevailing opinion is she will not. | With that idea comes the remark everywhere you go, why do the people desire to stay in such an earthquake locality? The reply is made, are you sure the next shake may not wreck your own city or home? You cannot tell. Remarks of this kind were made one day in October in Boston. Within a few hours a shake came to New England, in some places with real damage. It is not safe to predict when or where the next quake will hold high carnival.

Friends of the East or elsewhere, "will this city be rebuilt?" Come and see, and then tell us what you think about it. The work going on its wonderful. A city more beautiful is rising from ruins and ashes. Will she be rebuilt? Yes! Ere long a city will be built called San Francisco, which will rival New York. You may scout the idea, but it will become a reality. You friends of the East and elsewhere have helped and will help to this end. What generous, kind, tender hearts responded when disaster came! Oh, what a relief was the money which came so quickly! God will bless you for the help as he is blessing us. Come and see the blessing wrought through him.

Epidemic of Graft.

There seems to be an epidemic of graft or steal among our city officials, as never before, East or West. Startling revelations fill the air. Those who fill high places are brought before juries and courts of justice accused and sometimes convicted of grave crimes. When will the people arise and by vote and act place men in office above suspicion, uncontrolled by boss or corporate influence? When they do, wrong-doing will cease in high places and not until then.

Political Remedy.

Being in the East during the elections, the writer had a chance to observe the change, which it is hoped may continue in political action, until, regardless of party name, the best men are elected to office. The disgusting methods which were employed by some candidates for high office were a lesson not to be forgotten by men who believe in the best things in government. The change of votes from one party to another was a wholesome rebuke to incompetent men seeking place and power.

Boss rule must be broken. Corporate influence and control in politics must stop. Feeding from the public treasury must cease. The combined votes and influence of honest, determined men should be sufficient to elect the best men to office. A political name with dishonest men nominated or elected is a disgrace to name and nation. The future watchword should be—Honest, capable men for office, regardless of party name.

San Francisco, Dec. 5, 1906.

A LETTER FROM CHINA.

Shaowu, China, Oct. 15, 1906.

Dear Pacific:

It is a pleasure to see The Pacific regaining its full size; but the small editions will serve as mementoes to many of a trying time. The last full sized copy of The Pacific before the earthquake, contained a very forcible discourse on the sins of California and her metropolis; but we hope and pray that the restored paper will be stuffed with news of revivals and reformations.

This city of Shaowu was terribly devastated about half a century ago, when it was captured by the long-haired Rebels. Everything was burned down; and of the people over one-half perished by sword, famine and pestilence. Many escaped by flight to Soochow and elsewhere. One of these, then a boy, is now pastor of our oldest, largest church, which he has seen grow from two to about two hundred members. Some things which have been printed about the neighborliness of the people in San Francisco at the time of the earthquake remind me of a remark which I once heard this pastor address to a Shaowu audience. He said: "When we first returned hither after the rebels were driven out, we were all just like brothers and sisters, all kind and helpful to each other. But how is it now? Quarrels and wrongs and deceit." Oh, if we could only have been here with the gospel in those days when folks were humbled and teachable! But when we did come, the tea trade and opium had made Shaowu a very wicked city. But San Francisco **has** the gospel.

Two things are looming up before us in the near future. The General Centenary Missionary Conference which is to be held in Shanghai in the end of April and beginning of May, next year, and the Deputation which is to visit the various missions of the A. B. C. F. M. in China. What with Canton, Foochow, North China and Shansi it will have its hands full. And when it has seen all there is to see, it will lie awake nights trying to take it all in. Perhaps it will ask us "Why did you never tell us about all this?" We have done so as far as language could to it; but the English language was not manufactured to describe such a situation and only those who see can fully appreciate what our words have been describing.

One of our greatest difficulties is the fact that the Chinese language is not rightly developed for the presentation of Christian truth. It is an interesting thing in the life of a growing Chinese convert to see old words taking on new meanings for him. In Chinese the word father stands for despotic authority. Children exist for the pleasure and benefit of their parents and their ancestors; and the convert has to get a new conception of the fatherhood before he can begin to appreciate Christ's revelation of the Father.

Just now the College Y. M. C. A. work is becoming a very important factor in Christian work. It goes straight for the young men who are eager for western learning; and comes with the more weight because it is a feature of Western colleges. It also unites

Christian young men of every name. One of our Shaowu teachers has just been down to Foochow to a College Y. M. C. A. conference and has returned very enthusiastic over a "Union Prayer Circle" which was given a very prominent place. He told me that on former visits to Foochow he and others like him were somewhat in awe of the students who were studying English, and there was no free mingling; but this time he said there was nothing of that. All were just like brothers. There was not distinction of class or denomination; "we were all one family." Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, today and forever, and also here, there, and everywhere.

J. E. Walker.

THE LEAVEN OF CHRISTIANITY IN JAPAN.

J. D. Davis.

The leaven of Christianity is working more and more rapidly in Japan. The writer was asked to speak on the Emperor's birthday, Nov. 3rd, to the members of the Y. M. C. A. of the Higher Technical School, in Kyoto. About fifty were present. A few months ago the principal of this school opposed the organization of a Y. M. C. A. in the school, but now he heartily favors it. I have also recently spoken to the Y. M. C. A. of the Medical School of 400 students here, and nearly seventy were present, and the meeting was held in one of the large recitation rooms of the school. One of our theological students has begun selling Bibles, or portions, from house to house in the city, and in his first effort, he sold in seven of the ten houses he visited.

A physician in the city, forty-three years old, a graduate of a medical school, and who has practiced medicine about fifteen years came to me the other evening,he was so troubled about his sins he could not rest, and for three months his heart had been heavy with this load, and he wanted to find a way of relief. His confession to me was a revelation to me of the immortality of such men, keeping for years two concubines, and worse. I am glad to have a Divine Redeemer to point such men to. Some little time ago, a student of the Imperial University here, was sick in the University hospital, and he was cared for by a Christian nurse, and she was so patient and kind and, helpful that the young man's father was so impressed by it that he wanted to know about Christianity, and began to study and listen, and, returning to his home in a distant city, he and all the members of his family have become Christians and the work is spreading from this center. Such are a few of the examples of the way the leaven is working. Concerted evangelistic work is in progress among the churches, a series of meetings being held in place after place. About a hundred Chinese students declared for Christ after one of Dr. Howard Agnew Johnston's earnest addresses in Tokyo, recently.

Kyoto, Japan, Nov. 16, 1906.

BOOK REVIEWS.

"The Song of Our Syrian Guest." By William Allen Knight. The publishers of this delightful little story send out a new edition in a beautiful little volume which it is to be hoped will find its way into many hands and hearts. It makes the Twenty-Third Psalm more than ever before one of the gems of literature—and a Shepherd Psalm throughout. This new edition may be had in two bindings—each volume being highly artistic—one for 40 cents, the other for $1.25 [Pilgrim Press, Boston and Chicago.]

"Letters to Sunday-School Teachers." By Henry Churchill King. These letters on the great truths of our Christian faith by the president of Oberlin College, constitute one of the desirable books of the year. It is a good book to put into the hands of young men and women as well as one of value to teachers. President King states that he writes especially to younger teachers to help them through these great fundamental truths to bring to their pupils the contagion of a high and noble life. And in that connection he is careful to say that the great Christian convictions cannot be simply laid on any one like so many garments, or even so many geometrical proofs or scientific propositions. The creed that is to deepen the creed of any one must be lived out, not merely thought out. In the letter which treats of "Men in the Light of Christ," the author says: "Christ cannot believe that God is the really loving Father and that his life is the only true life, and not see at once that men can come into a significant life only so far as they are able to enter into God's own life of love. And it is to this Christ is sure God has appointed men. While then we still cherish the unloving, the unforgiving spirit, we are irrevocably shut out from God's life. Especially valuable in its suggestiveness is the letter in which President King considers the basis of the Divine friendship. Christian life is regarded as simply a friendship—with God, with men. "The conditions of a deepening spiritual life, the conditions of all growth in the Christian life, are simply the conditions of a deepening friendship with God and men." And the foundation of all high friendship whether with God or men, is said to be threefold: "mutual self-revelation and answering trust, mutual self-surrender, and some deep community of interests." Association is said to be the main factor in a deepening acquaintance. "An acquaintance is not the product of certain rules, but the unconscious result of much association. One wakes up with a kind of surprise to find how much a friendship may mean to him. And in our relation to God this is still the main factor. It is only through constant association with God that we grow into his life. * * The greatest of all conditions of a deepening acquaintance with God is much association with him; giving Christ opportunity with us by attention, by thought, by living much in the atmosphere of his life, by finding it second nature to think his thoughts, to feel his feelings and to will his purposes." The main parts of some of the addresses given by President King in California two years ago will be found in this volume. Not a few who heard those addresses will welcome their appearance in this form. [Pilgrim Press, Boston and Chicago; $1.00 net; postage 8 cents.]

Quiet Talks About Jesus." By S. D. Gordon. Other books by this author, "Quiet Talks on Power" and "Quiet Talks on Prayer," have had large sale, and this one now has been called his crowning achievement. Mr. Gordon says in a foreword: "So far as I can find out I have no theory about Jesus to make these talks fit into. I have tried to find out for myself what the old Book of God tells about him. And here I am trying to tell to others, as simply as I can, what I found. It was by the tedious twisting path of doubt that I climbed the hill of truth up to some of its summits of certainty. I am free to confess that I am ignorant of

subject treated here save for the statements of that Book, and for the assent within my own spirit to these statements, which has greatly deepened the impressions they made and make. There is no question raised here about the Book itself, but simply a taking and grouping up together of what it says." In the part which treats of The Purpose in Jesus' Coming, the author says: "Jesus is God spelling himself out in language that man can understand." Again, he says, "Jesus is God following us up." Writing of sin, he says: "Sin has a terrific gait. . . Sin can't be patched up or mended. . . The worst punishment of sin is that left alone it breeds more sin and worse sin." Further: "God's treatment of sin lets in a flood of light on the sort of thing it is." And finally: "Jesus is God letting sin do its worst upon himself, that man might see its utter, stubborn damnableness, and eagerly turn from it and back to him." So many fine gems of thought dot the pages of this book that we can hardly stop quoting from the first article even. Scattered here and there are these: "God has taxed all the ingenuity of his love to let man know about himself." "In Jesus God told out his greatness most, and his love most tenderly." "Only man could fully appreciate Jesus, God's Man, and man's Brother." The first part of the book considers also The Plan of Jesus' Coming, The Tragic Break in the Plan, and Some Surprising Results of the Tragic Break. In the part which treats of The Person of Jesus, the divisions are The Human Jesus, The Divine Jesus, The Winsome Jesus. Under the first it is said: "Jesus is God becoming man's fellow. He comes down by his side and says, Let's pull up together." Under the second it is said: "Jesus is God coming down to woo man up to himself again. No sending of messengers for this great work of winning his darling back to the original image and mastery and dominion will do for God. He comes himself." The third portion of the book treats of The Great Experiences of Jesus' Life. [A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York, 75 cents net.]

"The Prairie And The Sea," by William A. Quayle. This is a book concerning which we have a desire to say something nice, but it is indescribable. Hour after hour have we turned its pages with interest and delight, as the author has spoken of prairie and mountain and sea. Largely it is a poem in prose, written by one who has great familiarity with and love for all of God's out-of-doors. It will appeal to people widely, for our homes are either on the prairies or in the mountains or along the sea shores. As to each the author depicts beauties doubtless unthought of by many. We quote the closing paragraph from the article concerning the mountains: "Mountains blue, dreamy, remote, compounded as of earth and air, white as built of summer cloud, builded with the massive masonry of God, tranquil, masterful, compelling wonder, watched by the stars, abundant in waterfalls, glorious in strength, battlemented for sunsets, crowned with noons, steeped in dawns, the expectation of the low-lands, a rest for care, heights to which dying eyes lift their last, longing, homesick look before they front the mountains of eternity,—mountains, pray you, build your sublime ranges along the western landscape of the heart, so that, as we look, sunsets shall revel on your snowy crests, and your long shadows shall walk from sky to sky, and we shall hear at burning noon or quiet evening or the windy morn the calling of the mountains, 'Let us journey together to the sky.'" In the article "It is Raining" Dr. Quayle says: "Gray clouds are anchored in the sky; the raindrops wrinkle down the window-panes; the voices of the rain are in the skies, indescribable for sweetness. A thing not to be put into words, nor capable of having music written to interpret its melody, only to those who have heard and loved the rain-fall and the gray, grim sky,—to such alone will this saying be a phrase to conjure with, 'It is raining.'" The sea he calls "the world's giant." It owns the earth. All continents are islanded in this great deep. A hemisphere was for ages hidden in the sea, and so securely and utterly that men never guessed at its existence." All that the sea has he says is drowned in wonder. "The common-place dwells not in hearing of the sea. One-where at least is free from the invasion of littleness. It is so huge it is sublime. Men are entrapped into saying the sublime thing. When a certain great man, day after day on an ocean voyage, was given to sitting at the ship's prow and looking, looking, never sated, ever eager, a garrulous prig obtruded the query, 'What do you see?' 'Nothing but God," was the reply, flung like a harpoon, but huge like a thunderbolt. The sea necessitates large sayings, is compulsive to the sublime." This volume of 340 pages is beautifully illustrated, and may be had in various bindings, at a price ranging from $2 to $6. It would make an excellent gift-book. [Jennings & Graham, Barker Block, Berkeley, Cal.]

ONE GOOD WIFE.

There is an old proverb, "There is one good wife in the world, and every man thinks he has her." It is an hyperbole of speech, of course. There are many good wives in the world. And there are some that are not good; and men who have such know it. We are glad there are not very many of the latter kind.

Concerning one of the good kind, Mark Twain says in his autobiography, now running in the North American Review:

"Tomorrow will be the thirty-sixth anniversary of our marriage. My wife passed from this life one year and eight months ago, in Florence, Italy, after an unbroken illness of twenty-two months' duration.

"I first saw her in the form of an ivory miniature in her brother Charley's stateroom in the steamer Quaker City in the Bay of Smyrna in the summer of 1867, when she was in her twenty-second year. I saw her in the flesh for the first time in New York the following December. She was slender and beautiful and girlish, and she was both girl and woman. She remained both girl and woman to the last day of her life. Under a grave and gentle exterior burned inextinguishable fires of sympathy, energy, devotion, enthusiasm, and absolutely limitless affection. She was always frail in body and she lived upon her spirit, whose hopefulness and courage were indestructible. Perfect truth, perfect honesty, perfect candor were qualities of her character which were born with her. Her judgments of people and things were sure and accurate. Her intuitions almost never deceived her. In her judgments of the characters and acts of both friends and strangers there was always room for charity, and this charity never failed. I have compared and contrasted her with hundreds of persons, and my conviction remains that hers was the most perfect character I have ever met. And I may add that she was the

most winningly dignified person I have ever known. Her character and disposition were of the sort that not only invites worship but commands it. No servant ever left her service who deserved to remain in it. And as she could choose with a glance of her eye, the servants she selected did, in almost all cases, deserve to remain, and they did remain. She was always cheerful, and she was always able to communicate her cheerfulness to others. During the nine years that we spent in poverty and debt she was always able to reason me out of my despairs and find a bright side to the clouds and make me see it. In all that time I never knew her to utter a word of regret concerning our altered circumstances, nor did I ever know her children to do the like. For she had taught them, and they drew their fortitude from her. The love which she bestowed upon those whom she loved took the form of worship, and in that form it was returned—returned by relatives, friends, and the servants of her household. It was a strange combination which wrought into one individual, so to speak, by marriage—her disposition and character were mine. She poured out her prodigal affections in kisses and caresses, and in a vocabulary of endearments whose profusion was always an astonishment to me. I was born reserved as to endearments of speech and caresses, and hers broke upon me as the summer waves break upon Gibralter. I was reared in that atmosphere of reserve. As I have already said in another chapter, I never knew a member of my father's family to kiss another member of it except one, and that at a deathbed. And our village was not a kissing community. The kissing and caressing ended with courtship—along with the deadly piano-playing of that day. "She had the heart-free laugh of a girl. It came seldom, but when it broke upon the ear it was as inspiring as music. I heard it for the last time when she had been occupying her sick bed for more than a year, and I made a written note of it at the time—a note not to be repeated."

A BLESSING AND A PERIL.

Rev. T. F. Burnham.

The vast increase in the number of public libraries, the more attractive facilities in the new and handsome buildings, and other causes, have largely increased the number of readers drawing books from such institutions.

With wisdom in the selection of books, and proper guidance of the young in the choice of what is to be read by them, the public library becomes a great power for good. Today, while library authorities in many places, are trying to follow and to encourage right methods, a real peril is to be met in many cases.

Inexperienced boys and girls go to the libraries and select at will whatever pleases the fancy, and a vitiated taste is formed to their life long injury.

It is true that many works of fiction not only please but inform the mind of the reader, and a proper amount of such reading is not to be regretted; but we fear that the reading of fiction and often the most recent of such issues to the neglect of the great masters, becomes a fad which enfeebles the mind and perverts one's literary taste.

The writer feels a proper pride in having secured an outfit for a public library now representing a value of about thirty thousand dollars. The report of books drawn during October is officially reported as follows: Out of 2754 books drawn, 1859 were fiction, 641 juvenile, and only 254 volumes in all the other "varying realms of thought." This example is not one due to any local circumstances and has doubtless many a parallel.

But diagnosis is of little value, unless followed by therapeutics. So what remedy is there for a perverted mental appetite?

The boy's composition read, "Pins has saved many lives, by their not sitting down on them." Prevention is the best cure. Parents ought to oversee the reading done by their children. School teachers can do much in forming a correct taste, and in pointing out where treasures lie, suited to youth of various ages. A Friday afternoon given to talks on health, exercise, morals and reading in turn, by experts called in to address the pupils, has often been found useful. And it may be added, that popular lectures at the libraries, and walks and talks among the books in company with a teacher, or a wise librarian, on a Saturday afternoon, might give new illustration to the proverb "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise." (Prov. 13:20.)

ACORNS FROM THREE OAKS.

Aloha.

Good Seed Corn.

There shall be an handful of corn in the earth upon the top of the mountains, the fruit thereof shall shake like Lebanon, Ps. 72:16.

Given corn that has life in it, soil that has richness, there is sure to be harvest. Christians of this generation have recently had a pictorial and spiritual ilustration of this wide truth. Samuel J. Mills and his comrades of the Haystack prayer meeting were but a handful of corn of quality. Young students of a young country college, God spoke to them. The love which led them to care more for men than for fame or gold, valued Indians more than the pearls of India, would make Chinaman unbind their girls' feet and women's souls, could make cruel Turkey kind, and clothe the blackest Africans with the white garments of praise and purity. As God had made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell upon the face of the whole earth, why should they not share the gospel which has made England and America great? Undergraduates they moved far in advance of the scholars and statesmen who laughed at them, declaring that the hill people of Western Massachusetts, as well as the cultured society of Boston and its suburbs, had problems sufficient for scholars' attention, and that there was not religion in the old Bay State for exportation.

These college boys had hearts of oak. No brittle basswood or willowy cottonwood were they. Like Whittier's Kansas emigrants, they sized up "rugged Northern Pine." While they nursed the fire brand, talking and praying over the burning subject, not even a mountain storm could cool their ardor. They adjourned their open air conference to the shelter of a convenient haystack. There in warm fraternal fellowship, bracing each other for struggle, and opening their manly young spirits to the divine leading, they laid the foundation for all the foreign missionary societies which have helped make America truly great. This sweet, evergreen, prolific corn, developed in our Congregational garden, tempts us to self-gratulation. But there are larger things to think of. A short sentence condensed the expression of the faith which

moved Samuel J. Mills. By it he led his companions of the Haystack: "We can if we will." True words; What meaning! Not human boastfulness! Human courage when backed by God's power! The rugged New England student knew more definitely of the Divine purpose than the ruddy shepherd Psalmist or the victorious poet king. All the king's gold, chariots, and horsemen were not such adjutants of success as the story of the cross which confirmed prophecy and turned faith to sight. So the seed of the great handful of corn.

Rich Soil.

"In the earth on the top of the mountains." Soil is as essential as seed. Our foothill fruit surpasses that of the valley. But mountain peaches and grapes are sweeter than ours. This corn was planted in good soil. Christian colleges and high schools are seed-beds for high ideas. Wendell Phillips said to me: "I like to speak at college, for I am there doing good wholesale." Yale means manliness and spirit, patriotism and push. Oberlin speaks of human brotherhood, the happiness of health, holiness, the Christian's right to sing the best music, making melody in his heart unto the Lord. Berea signifies the sure death of the caste spirit if honest scholars and thinkers will simply sit at the feet of the Carpenter of Nazareth, who was not a white but a colored man. Dartmouth College began in purpose to give schooling to promising young Indians. Why should ambitious white men be shut out of a school good enough to attract worthy young redmen? Carleton meant "you can build a Christian college on the prairie if you will." And we willed. A hundred years ago the noblest spirits of Williams College meant missions. That was Heaven's noblest plan for them. They would and they could. They willed and they did. On those high beautiful hills, surrounded by noble mountains, they took a large look over the needy world. Japan was a hermit nation. Chinamen's minds, like Chinese girls' feet were in cruel clamps of isolation. Sacred bulls were feeding on delicacies on the steps of splendid yet barbaric temples in India, and rudely horning away hungry women and girls who craved the food the glossy brutes trampled and wasted. Sweet litle girls, such as climb to our knees after the bounteous Thanksgiving tables, were either married indiscriminately to men old enough to be their grandfathers, or betrothed to boys who, dying, would not leave them property or wifely honor, but condemn them to the saddest lives this sorrowing world knows. Women, a little older, after a short life of possible home peace and purity were forced to the funeral pyres in imaginary honor of husbands, of husbands whom they certainly could not benefit by dying. Juggernaut's great car wheels were stained with the blood of victims who thought the Gods valued human gore. Williams College athletes swing in leather-covered rings in a fine gymnasium! Indian superstition swung bleeding men on sharp torturing hooks.

Not all viceroy State papers, not Robert Hume's stories of famine and wretchedness, not all the pages of our missionary magazines, not all the letters and lectures of the noble women of the missionary societies begin to fully open the sad ,sad sores of the non-Christian nations on which these young zealots of the Haystack looked out with the longing eyes of seers and saviours. God's time of betterment had come.

The Berkshire Hills of old Massachusetts were the seed beds of the primeval harvests. Where the grand old President Hopkins so lived and taught that generations of students quoted with affectionate reverence the Bible verse, "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright";where Garfield, the canal boy, grew to be a scholar and prepared to be a Christian statesman and launched the best bon mot ever spoken in an American college: "If only President Hopkins sat at one end of a log and I might sit at the other end of it there would be a college for me"—there, Samuel J. Mills planted the seeds of foreign missions. In the field where Cyrus W. Field developed the science and the push which laid the first Atlantic cable, where Washington Gladden, whose life has builded into so much that has been for the upbuilding of humanity, graduated, amid the hills, valleys, brooks and rivers of a New England town of unsurpassed culture and beauty, was born this nineteenth century blessing of Christianity, the fragrance of which gladdens our California hill-tops to day. Not in a Death's valley or a noisesome swamp, not in the temptation of the city's crowded mart, not amid the roar of deafening machinery, or the smut of factories shutting out the sun, but up in the bracing air , and beautiful hills did this consummate flower of nlneteenth century civilization bloom. Old Grayback, where generations of Williams College men have aspired to climb, is witness.

Not all the inspired tongues can begin to tell the fruitage of the harvests which have ripened because Mills willed what God willed.

The fruit whereof has shaken like Lebanon. It shook our Pacific, the Chicago Advance, and the Boston Congregationalist. It has shaken thousands of American papers, the best ones. It has started printing presses in many languages, all over the world. It shook a million dollars out of grateful hands for the best of causes last year. Twelve thousand eager dollars hastened into the open air thankoffering at Williamstown.

Farther back this Christian embassy to the nations opened the way to the marvellous diplomatic mision of Anson G. Burlingame to China.We asked China to open her ports, to send here her merchandise and her men. Missions incited the gallant Perry's celebrated embassy to Japan. Not the thunder of destructive guns, but the open hands of a Christian nation, extended by a courteous and artistic naval gentleman, the accomplished American Commodore, opened the Sunrise Kingdom to Americans and blessed the Mikado and his millions of little brown men with the missionaries of the cross. I might tell of train-loads of corn for starving India, and shiploads of wheat for hungry Ireland. Japan in her drouth-swept hills found American rice and wheat sweet and nourishing. In all this humane ministry of the last half century the missionary spirit has been the nursing mother. Williams College has heard from her sons of a century ago. The world has heard of them. On a green field, close by the commemorative granite monument, seats were prepared for gathered thousands. A generous platform with helpful sounding boards, and ingenious slides for announcing names of speakers, completed the simple but sufficient accommodations for the crowd of thousands. The estimate of four thousand seems moderate. The spiritual and intellectual aristocracy, (using that term in the best Emersonian sense) of American churches and colleges gathered to do honor

to the adventurous corn planters of a century ago. Presidents McClean and Gates, from Berkeley and Pomona, were there. Presidents Tucker and Hyde, from Dartmouth and Bowdoin colleges. President Northrup, from Winona was on the program. President Hopkins, of Wiliams College, rich in the loyal love of those who honored his famous father, incarnated the enthusiasm of Western Massachusetts in welcoming the thousands from all over the world who came to honor God supremely by rendering just homage to the memory of school-boys who dreamed the dreams which made them men indeed. Williams College boys looked on and pondered. Such a long and brilliant procession of orators they had never seen nor heard. Berkeley and Stanford foot ball assemblages are bigger, but not more alive. Elegant people in commodious automobiles thronged the sides of the grand gathering. Splendid carriages and well groomed horses fringed the great audience. What an amphitheater of hills. What colors of maple and oak, sumach and wild grape. What a setting of honor to frame the character portraits of a little handful of humble students whose practical Christianity, like that of the fishermen of Galilee, had girdled the world with gladness.

Prayer had to be direct and simple amid such earnestness. I never heard nobler or more kindling speech. Yet more eloquent than the speeches was the presence on the platform beside the masterly Capen of choice and scholarly young converts from different nations to whom the Board have sent their missionaries. Their costumes vied with the golden and the crimson maples, their faces were lit up with the joy of Christian youth and hope, their speeches glowed with sincerity and gladness. Among them was a lineal descendent of the Chinese sage, Confucius, who graced an unsurpassed missionary occasion. But I give it up dear Pacific. I cannot describe the Haystack Memorial Meeting of the A. B. C. F. M. Only eternity can reveal its beauty, its greatness, its significance!

Among the Churches.

California.

Beckwith.—The Rev. D. Goodsell has been engaged for the work at Beckwith for a few months.

Pasadena, First.—Twelve persons united by letter at the last communion. The autumn sale recently held by the women of the church netted above $350, in spite of a rainy day. A men's club has been formed with 95 charter members. Their first "Ladies' Night," Dec. 3, was a delightful occasion, including a supper and a program of music and addresses by two recent travelers to the Orient. This new organization bids fair to rival the women's societies in strength and interest.

San Francisco, Ocean View.—The people of Ocean View Congregational Church have been making extensive improvements in their church building since the earthquake. The church building which was thrown from its foundation and badly shattered has been thoroughly renewed at a cost of over $700, of which the people raised $400 and received $300 from the relief fund. In its history of twenty years, it has never before looked so well nor seemed more encouraged. Rev. Mr. Bair is working in his usual energetic way. Thanksgiving evening the church, free from debt, was rededicated with song and sermon and prayer.

Pacific Grove, Mayflower.—Two coats of paint applied to the outside of the parsonage recently, have very much improved its appearance. Last Thursday evening at a largely attended meeting, the church adopted a new church manual; this changes the date of the annual meeting of the church, from the last Wednesday in January to the Thursday after the last Sunday in the year. This change it is claimed, will greatly facilitate the making of the annual reports of the church officers, as it brings the "church year" into harmony with the calendar year. The bazaar of the Junior Endeavorers, recently held at the parsonage, was a pronounced success. Over $25 was received by our little friends from the sale of useful articles.

Los Angeles, First.—The pastor, Dr. William Horace Day, has been away nearly four months, taking Honolulu, and adjacent islands, a considerable of Japan, visiting a number of our missions, including the foreign missionary pastor of this church, at Niagati, and a few fields in China. Mrs. Day accompanied him. In the early part of their wanderings, they had an experience, but without painful discomforts, of shipwreck aboard the Manchuria, on the reefs near Honolulu. During his absence, a thousand dollars were added to his salary. Returning in time for Thanksgiving, his first Sunday morning at home was the occasion for an enthusiastic demonstration of the loyal regard of his people. And on the following Monday evening, a large company greeted him and Mrs. Day at a public reception.

Oakland, Fourth.—The two "F's"—i. e.—the "Fair" and the "Furnace," are the two successes of the week in this church. The "Fair," conducted by the Ladies' Aid and King's Daughters, was a splendid affair this year, the sum realized from the sale and entertainments making it possible for the ladies to meet all their pledges to the church and to aid in promoting their missionary enterprises. The perfect working of the furnace has enabled us to be as comfortable at our Sunday services as we are in our own homes—our appreciation of this enjoyable condition expressing itself in donations generous enough to defray the expense of its installment which is $250. The assurance of a warm and comfortable church on Sunday will have much to do with bringing the people out to attend the services. We believe in first making the people physically comfortable and then hope to have them spiritually minded. We are all right.

A NEW SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA CHURCH.

The wind blew cold the day after Thanksgiving down here in Southern California. The mountain tops were white with snow, and winter was in all the air. The man who brought a heavy overcoat with him when he came from the East was the lucky fellow.

Three lines running out from Corona in not quite the same direction but bearing to the north and west, would reach three contiguous school districts, known as the "Pioneer," "Valley," and "East Vale" districts. Each is about eight miles from Corona. In these

school districts Rev. W. E. Eckles, of Claremont, has been laboring for some months past, and as an outgrowth of his work the people of the three districts have combined to organize a church. The denominational preferences of these people were various; but it was evident if they had a pastor they must have some Home Misisonary Society back of them, and Home Missionary Societies are denominational affairs. It was also evident that people of various denominational preferences can unite better in a Congregational church than in almost any other—and Mr. Eckles is a Congregationalist—so they voted cordially to organize themselves into a Congregational church, and they have named it "The Union Congregational Church of Corona, R. F. D." It cannot well be centralized, the services move about from school house to school house, so in giving it a name it has been located according to the postoffice address of most of the people.

The Recognition Council was held on that cold, wintry day, the day after Thanksgiving. Some of us who drove the distance from our homes to the Pioneer school house that day, know what it is to shiver with cold here in the Sunny South; but we had a warm, tender time of it at the Council, and the "Christian-love glow" that we caught there warmed our hearts so thoroughly that we felt we could well afford to make those cold drives in the cutting wind.

Rev. Geo. E. Soper, of Pomona, President of the Southern California Congregational Home Missionary Society, was made Moderator of the Council, and Rev. Ralph B. Larkin, of Ontario, Scribe. The churches at Pomona, Claremont, Ontario, Rialto, San Bernardino and Corona, were represented. The proceedings of the proposed church up to this time were reviewed, the needs and the prospects of the field carefully inquired into, and the Council being by itself unanimously voted approval of the effort to organize a Congregational church on that field.

All this before dinner. The feast spread by the ladies of the new church was thoroughly enjoyed. Then we gathered again in the "meeting room" of the school house, and had a feast of a different sort. Pastor Eckles received the members into the new church. Seventeen had given their names as charter members, thirteen of whom were present at the gathering. The right hand of fellowship and charge to the church was given by Rev. George E. Soper. The prayer was offered by Rev. C. B. Summer, of Pomona College, Claremont. Then Rev. H. P. Case, the Superintendent of Sunday-school work, whose first work on this field was done twenty years ago, read items gleaned from his notebooks relating to his various visits to these school districts. Rev. E. T. Sandford, pastor of the Baptist church, Corona, who was present by invitation as a member of the Council, and who has done faithful and regular out-station work in these districts for a number of years past, gave a kindly and feeling message in relinquishing his work there. He heartily favored the new movement, acknowledging the wisdom of the people in organizing a Congregational church in that field of various preferences. Greetings from the various churches represented were then presented by the pastors, in order as follows: Price, of San Bernardino; Burr, of Corona, Lash, of Rialto; and Larkin, of Ontario. After singing "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love," the service closed with the benediction by Pastor Eckles.

Corona, California, Dec. 3, 1906. W. N. Burr.

QUARTERLY MEETING OF THE W. B. M. P.

North Berkeley, Dec. 5, 1906.

The strains of "Nearer, My God, to Thee" rang sweetly on the air as the devotional exercises opened the meeting; the President, Miss Richards, presided, and all rejoiced to see her after her long visit East. After reading the 77th Psalm and prayer, the business meeting began with the secretary's report of the combined annual meeting. Mrs. Jewett gave short accounts of the work of the Branches for the quarter. The Southern California Branch is actively at work; in Utah there are five auxiliaries; these formerly sent their gifts to W. B. M. P., but now transferred them to our Board.

Mrs. Mowbray, before reading the report of the foreign secretary, gave a message from Mrs. Farnam, of love to every one, and the thought "The Lord abideth faithful unto the end." Word has come that Miss Jean Brown is slowly gaining in health, and anxious to return to Foo-Chow. Some missionaries on their way back to China, gave high tribute to Miss Brown's work. Few letters have been received from the different fields.

The treasurer's report showed collections to date, including balance from last year, of $2434.56; in bank. $1995.01. Of this, $500 is for special objects.

Mrs. Jewett spoke of our new missionary, Miss Julia F. Winter, formerly supported by the N Hampshire Branch of the W. B. M., and now adopted by us; a letter from Miss Winter showed us a day's work in kraals near her station at Mt. Selinda, Rhodesia, Africa.

For several years our lamented Miss Piper had received a box of articles made by Bible women in China, and this year her mother, Mrs. Piper, displayed them; the receipts go to help the work in China.

Mrs. W. C. Merritt, of Washington Branch, had a few minutes given her, and made a strong plea that the children should be trained in missionary knowledge. The child's mind is "wax to impress, marble to retain"; have a strong committee of one to plan regular hours in the Sunday-school, perhaps one a month. Regret was general that Mrs. Merritt could have no longer time, but after notice of the Misisonary Institute to be held the middle of January, the lunch hour arrived, and the tables were surrounded with appreciative visitors.

The afternoon session opened with the hymn, "The Son of God goes forth to war," a selection from 1st John, and many prayers. Mr. Tenney gave an account of the Haystack Meeting at Williamstown, Oct. 10th. He said: "Great things have been done because a few have been interested, but the great body of the Church must be reached in order to do greater things. Go forward in zeal, gifts and organization, and raise a million dollars this year also."

After listening to a song by Mrs. Ernest Evans, and the taking of the collection, Miss Richards gave her impressions of that wonderful meeting, and so did Rev. R. C. Brooks. The new motto may be: "We can —we will."

The thanks of the Board were rendered to the hospitable ladies of the North Berkeley Church, and the meeting closed with prayer and benediction.

Virginia Bufford, Rec Sec.

The world lies before our eyes as a scroll, and its conditions and needs are known to us.

The Home.

WORD PICTURES OF HOME.

The late Sam Jones made many telling references to home and home life. The following is worth repeating:

God bless the mother! These two pictures I want you to take away with you. Here is a mother, a real mother, and here is a mother in name only. Here is a little Annie, the daughter of the mother in name only—a sweet six-year old girl—and she comes in and says: "Mamma, please give me some scraps for my doll's dress." "I shan't do it," the mother answers; you have wasted more scraps than you and your doll are worth, and I will punish you if you don't quit bothering me." Little Annie hangs her head and goes away. Next day she comes in again: "Please mamma, give me some thread for my needle." "There you are again, you little trouble. You just worry me from morning to night. Go, put on your hat, and see if you can't bother Mrs. Brown a little while; I'm clean worn out." And Annie goes away, and she says to herself: "I just wish't I was dead; mamma never says a kind word to me." And the next day she comes in again and says: "Mamma, please let me have your scissors." "I shan't do it. You just want to stick your eyes out, and I will certainly punish you if you don't go off and let me have some peace." The little one goes off to herself again, but this time she says: "I wish't my mamma was dead." And so little Annie is coming up, and now she is eighteen years old, and a perfect typhoon. Her mother draws the corners of her mouth down and says: "I don't know what is the matter with my daughter; I've done the best I could for her." I can tell you what's the matter. She is a chip off the old block.

But here is the true mother. Little Mary comes in and says, "Please, mamma, give me some thread for my needle," and mamma, says, "Very well, dear, in a moment," and she takes the thread and threads the needle and ties it in a strong knot for her, and little Mary says, "Thank you, mamma." When she comes in the next day and says, "Please, mamma, give me some scraps," the mother says, "Yes, dear, in a moment." But the mother was just now reading a verse in the Bible: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou sralt say, I have no pleasure in them." "Do you know what that means, darling?" "No, mamma." "It means that you ought to begin right now to be good, and grow up a sweet and noble Christian." And the next day Mary comes in again, and her mother says: "Do you remember, dear, the verse that I repeated to you yesterday?" "No, mamma, I can't repeat that verse, but I remember what you told me about being a good, sweet little girl, and when I went out yesterday I knelt down and said: 'O Lord help me to be a sweet Christian girl like my mamma.'" And her mother says, "Will you go into the next room, Mary, and kneel and pray with mamma a little while?" And I can imagine I can see a thousand disappointed angels shut out on the outside. They wanted to see what great things God was going to do for mother and Mary. And by and by, when the mother comes out, holding the little Mary by the hand, and tears that would not have stained an angel's cheek ran down little Mary's face, an angel went up and put his hand under the tear and caught it and it crystallized in his hand, and then, ahead of all the other angels, he winged his way back to the skies and called the hosts of heaven together, and said: "Here is the srystallized tear of a sweet little girl that a mother is training for this world." And when Mary is eighteen years old she is the joy and blessing of her mother's heart, and a comfort to her friends. Do you know what is the matter with little Mary? She is just like her mother. Go thou, sister, and do likewise.

"A MIGHTY RICH MAN."

Once in New England I was driving with an old farmer, and some of the men of the neighborhood came under criticism. Speaking of a prominent man in the village, I asked, "Is he a man of means?"

"Well, sir," the old farmer replied, "he ain't got much money, but he's mighty rich."

"He has a deal of land, then?" I asked.

"No, sir, he ain't got much land, neither, but still he is mighty rich."

The old farmer, with a pleased smile, observed my puzzled look for a moment, and then exclaimed:

"You see, sir, he ain't got much money, and he ain't got much land, but still he is rich, because he never went to bed owing any man a cent in all his life. He lives as well as he wants to live, and he pays as he goes; he don't owe nothing and he ain't afraid of nobody; he tells every man the truth, and does his duty by himself, his family, and his neighbors; his word is as good as a bond, and every man, woman and child in town looks up to and respects him. No, sir, he ain't got much money, and he ain't got much land, but still he is a mighty rich man because he's got all he needs and all he wants."

I assented to the old farmer's deductions, for I thought them entirely correct. When a man has all he needs and all he wants, he is certainly rich; and when he lacks these things he is certainly poor. Now, the poor man's possessions—defining riches and poverty in this way—may be double those of the rich man. I have an illustration in point. I know a man who lives with his family in a country village. His income is, without doubt, larger than that of any man in the township, and still he is in all probability more harrassed by want of money than any man in the neighborhood. He requires so many things that he always spends something more than he makes, and, therefore, he is always in debt, always importuned by his creditors. Now, according to the idea of the old New England farmer, my friend is really poorer than the artisans and gardeners and laborers who work for him. And I know that this gentleman counts himself among the poorest of the poor.—John Gilmer Speed.

THE MEN NEEDED.

Reformers and publicists often tell us what stamp of manly character is most needed in this country today. Thus the Citizen's Bulletin tries its hand:

"We most need:

"Men who cannot be bought.

"Men who put character before wealth.

"Men who possess opinions and a will.

"Men who will not lose their individuality in a crowd.

"Men who will not think anything profitable that is dishonest.

"Men who will be honest in small things as well as great things.

"Men who will make no compromise with questionable things.

"Men whose ambitions are not confined to their own selfish desires.

"Men who are willing to sacrifice private interests for the public good.

"Men who are not afraid to take chances, who are not afraid of failure.

"Men who will not have one brand of honesty for business purposes and another for private life."

Of some classes of men above designated the country has a fairly good supply, but we are certainly lacking in the kind that discount as unprofitable all dishonest things, and that are willing to sacrifice private interest for public good. Of the sort who "have opinions and a will," we have a very good supply, and also enough of those who "are not afraid to take chances."

The Quiet Hour.

SUFFICIENT FOR THEE.

I walk in the light of his love,
No cloud-covered sky shall I see,
While softly God speaks from above—
"My grace is sufficient for thee."

When low in the Valley of Tears,
With sorrows o'erwhelming to me,
This promise dispels all my fears—
"My grace is sufficient for thee."

When doubts and afflictions and grief
Rush in like a turbulent sea,
This word brings the surest relief—
"My grace is sufficient for thee."

Thro' all the dark conflicts of life
Come blessings unnumbered and free,
From Him who speaks out in the strife—
"My grace is sufficient for thee."

My pathway grows radiant with light,
This wonderful promise my plea;
His presence shall guide me aright,
"My grace is sufficient for thee."

—Bishop Merrill.

WORDS OF COMFORT.

The bereaved are everywhere. There are few homes without their vacant chair. How can we best comfort others? What solace is there in the gospel for breaking hearts? What is there in Christianity that will wipe away tears? There is comfort for the bereaved in the infinite and eternal love of God. In this divine love all life's "whys" are answered. St. John puts it all in the one little sentence—"God is love." Back of and in his power, his justice, his holiness, his truth, is love. We know that this is our Father's world. There is no **chance** in any of its events or circumstances. Science tells us that in all occurrences in nature, even in those which seem disastrous—storms, earthquakes, tidal waves—no force, no drop of water, no particle of matter ever gets out of the clasp and control of natural law—that is, out of the hand of God. So in all the events of Providence, though we call them calamities, nothing ever happens without God's permission, and, therefore, all, that happens has love in it.

Another element of comfort for the bereaved is that their friends who have gone from them have finished their work. Jesus was not caught in a snare when he was arrested in the garden. There was no inextricable dilemma in his position that night. He could have escaped but his "hour" had come. It was now the Father's time for the closing of his life. The same is true of each one of God's children. Sometimes it is in infancy, even in earliest infancy, that the death angel comes. "My baby lived only two hours," a young mother wrote the other day. Yet, in its coming and its brief stay it brought blessings to its parents. It left a touch of beauty on their lives. Dr. Moule, bishop of Durham, wrote these lines "On the death of a little boy.":

"Think not because so early with our King
He rests, before his infancy's first spring,
That aught is lacking in the eternal Eye
To that dear life's full orb and rounded history.
No, in his sovereign all-foreseeing will,
Who works unerring for his people still,
Not Abraham's end, not John's late-entered bliss,
Marks a more finished pilgrimage than his.
No casual stroke removed him, or surprised
That artist who, of old his date devised.
To us all looks abrupt, a fragment, torn
Ere the first page was read: and we must mourn.
But he, great Poet of the souls he saves,
Writes now his epics, now his shorter staves,
His tender nursery songs; and these disclose
As great a skill, as full an art, as those.
That small, sweet lifetime in his hidden plan
Through morn and noon to sunset duly ran,
Short prelude, but consummate, to that day
Which knows no evening clouds and setting ray."

The short life was not a fragment, a broken life—it was complete. However brief, it was a plan of God wrought out to the end. We must never think of death as breaking into God's plan, as snatching away any precious life before God wanted it to leave this world. Death is never stronger than God.

It ought to comfort us to know this when we are pleading with God to spare some dear life. Then if, after all our prayers, the life is taken away, it should give us measurless comfort to know that God could have kept it longer if it had been his plan for it.

HAPPINESS.

The possession of happiness is the desire of all. Today, as always, men and women are in pursuit of happiness. But how infinite the lines of pursuit and the character of the things sought that are to be to them a source of happiness! According to the Scriptural idea, contentment is the foundation rock on which all happiness is founded. Yet how few there are who realize this and are at complete rest and ease of mind! Alas, how few have learned to discern the true meaning of—**to live!**

There is a difference of opinion as to the true meaning and source of human happiness. The reason for this is that men and women, as a rule, know but

little about the subject and have not a large vision of the nature of happiness.

A writer says: "Happiness; what is it? That phantom of which we hear so much and see so little? Aristippus pursued her in pleasure; Socrates in learning and wisdom, and Epicurus in both; but she bestowed her endearments on neither. None bid so high for her as kings, but she has no more respect for kings than for subjects. Antony sought her in affection, Brutus in glory, and Caesar in dominion. The first found disgrace, the second disgust, the third ingratitude, and each destruction."

God is the giver of true happiness, and it is not to be found in selfishness and pursuit of worldly pleasure and riches, but the rather in service for others. In having a care for others and aiming to see their side of life, we will learn more of duty, and in the performance of duty some measure of happiness must come. By entering into the sorrows as well as the joys of others, by sharing somewhat of their trials, disappointments and privations, we may find the royal road leading to the possession of true happiness. For Jesus teaches that he himself found his true source of happiness in rendering unselfish service to and for others.—Central Christian Advocate.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

Some flowers bloom only as darkness comes on. This is true both of nature and of man. There are evening primroses, and four o'clocks, and the night-blooming cereus, which wait for darkness before they show their beauty or yield their perfume. And there is courage, and trust, and patience, and perseverance, which can not come to flower save as the night of danger, or fear, or trial, or labor is at hand. Cheerfulness, and vigor, and helpfulness, and many other graces, are bright flowers of the soul's day; but it is good to feel that God has also set out to grow these others, with their own peculiar beauty, which open only at the approach of a human soul's night. And in the garden of mankind, it is the night blooms that are most beautiful of all.—Ex.

An old man said that in reviewing his life he discovered, to his great surprise, that the best things in his character and in his career were the fruits of what he regarded as his failures and follies. These defeats had wrought in him new wisdom, and had led to repentings and renewals of faith in God, and had thus proved sources of richest blessing and good. Probably the same is true, in greater or less degree, of every life. We owe more to our defeats, with the humblings of the old nature, the cleansing of motive and affection, and the deepening of trust in God, than we owe to the prouder experiences which we call our successes.—Anon.

Keep a task in your hands; you must labor;
By toil is true happiness won;
For foe and for friend and for neighbor,
Rejoice, there is much to be done.
Endeavor, by crowning life's duty,
With joy-giving song and with smile,
To make the world fuller of beauty
Because you were in it awhile.

Nixon Waterman.

Young People.

"Take a drink? No, not I!
Reason's taught me better
Than to bind my very soul
With a galling fetter.
Water, sweet and cool and free,
Has no cruel chains for me."

HIS MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

"Good-bye, Harry; remember that mamma will always pray for your safety."

These were the last words Harry heard as he went out of the gate toward the railroad station to take the train for New York. The words kept ringing in his ears as the train passed rapidly out of the village and new scenes came to his view. At the station in New York city his uncle was waiting for him.

In a few days Harry was at work in the new grand store of his uncle. There he became acquainted with young men of his own age who seemed friendly, invited him to join in their excursion parties in the evening, and visit them at their homes. Before the first week had ended he had visited three of the boys of the city and taken a trip over to Jersey City, where several other boys took a trip on their bicycles. Harry had brought his wheel with him and enjoyed the trip over the new country very much.

After they had gone a distance, they stopped for refreshments, and he soon found himself standing at a bar in a saloon.

"What will you have, Harry?" he heard one of his new friends inquiring.

"I'll take a glass of lemonade, if you please," answered Harry.

"Pretty good joke, Harry; but you don't get such stuff here; we are all going to have beer; I'll order one for you, too." And before he could think of an answer, the bartender had placed it before him.

Harry felt a lump in his throat, but with a fixed determination he answered:

"No, I do not drink."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed one of the young men, "you are not temperance, are you?"

"A glass of beer cannot hurt you; it is healthful," said another.

"I promised mother," replied Harry, "that I would not drink anything that might make a drunkard of me, and if I never begin, I shall never have to stop; no one has ever become a drunkard who refused the first glass; but many drunkards meant to stop after they tasted beer or liquor "just once;" no, I shall not drink."

It was a long speech for Harry to make, but he thought of his mother's prayer, and resolved that she should not pray in vain. He expected the boys to ridicule him for his remarks. When Tom Ankers, the young man who had worked next to him at the store, therefore took him by the hand, and with emotion said: "Thank you, Harry; my mother used to tell me the same thing; she thinks her boy has never brought the intoxicating cup to his lips; I promise you that from tonight on I shall try to keep it," it surprised Harry greatly.

But his surprise increased when one of the other young men came forward and said: "I promised my present employer that I would never again enter a

saloon to drink, when he saw me in one the last time, and he told me he could not keep young men in his employ who were addicted to the drink habit. I wanted to keep my promise, but always was afraid to refuse when in company with others."

"Boys," said Adam Wagner, "this is the first time I ever took a drink. My father died a drunkard, and I have often heard him say that the first glass was the opening of a life of misery. He often asked me to leave all intoxicating drinks alone; I mean to do so after today, and you fellows must help me keep my promise."

"We shall, we shall," replied his friends, immediately.

"But tell us, Harry," said the young man who had spoken after Tom, "how was it possible for you to refuse? Didn't you expect all of us to laugh at your remarks? What gave you such ocurage in this hour of danger?"

Harry told them the story in his simple, truthful manner, concluding with the words:

"Boys, my mother's prayers saved me."

"Harry," said Adam, "when you write home again tell your mother about the occurrence this evening, and be sure and say that we were saved by her prayer."—New York Observer.

HOW JOHNNY WAS CURED.

Johnny was a great brag. A brag is a boaster. If he heard a playmate tell of something he had done, no matetr what is was, Johnny would give a snort, and exclaim:

"Pooh! That's nothing! Who couldn't do that?"

One evening the family sat around the fire in the sitting room. Papa was reading, grandma and mamma were sewing. Alice and Joe were studying their lessons, when Johnny came strutting in. He took a chair by the table and began reading "Robinson Crusoe."

Presently Joe, who was younger than Johnny, went up to his brother, saying: "Look at my drawing. I did it today in school. Isn't it good?"

"Pooh? Call that good! You ought to see the one I drew! It beats yours all hollow!"

Joe was rather crestfallen, and little Alice, who had a sympathetic heart, pitied her brother, and, going to Joe, asked him to let her see his drawing.

"I wish I could do as well as you do, Joe," she said, hoping to revive her brother's drooping spirits.

"Pooh!" sneered Johnny, "you needn't try to draw; for girls can't make even a straight line."

It was not long before Mr. Boaster left the room for a few moments. When he came back, everything seemed to be going on as when he left. Papa was reading, grandma nad mamma were sewing, and Joe and Alice were busy with their lessons.

"At last I have finished my hem," remarked grandma, folding the napkin she had been hemming so industriously.

"Pooh!" said mamma, contemptuously, "that is nothing. I have done two while you are doing one!"

The children looked up quickly; for who would have believed she would have spoken so? It was not like her to do so.

"Papa, look at my examples, please. I have done every one of them, and havn't made a single mistake," said Alice, crossing the room to where her father was sitting before the open grate fire.

"Pooh! That's nothing," replied her father, not even taking her paper to look at it. "You ought to see the way I used to do examples when I was your age!"

Poor little Alice was greatly astonished to hear such a discouraging and boastful remark from her generally kind father, and she was about to turn away when he drew her near to him and whispered something in her ear which brought the smiles to her face.

For a few minutes no one said anything and work went on as before. Johnny was deeply engrossed in the history of Crusoe's adventures, and the other children continued their studies.

"My flowers look so well! I believe the geraniums are going to bloom again," remarked mamma.

"Pooh! They are not half so thrifty as those I used to raise. Why, I had flowers all winter long, and you have only had a few blossoms in the whole winter," said grandma, contemptuously.

"What was the matter with everybody?" thought Johnny. He had never known them to be in such a humor as they were that evening.

When papa remarked presently that he had stepped into the grocer's and been weighed that afternoon, and that he "tipped the beam" at 168 pounds, and that was doing "pretty well" for him, mamma said, crossly:

"Pooh! You call that doing pretty well? OldMr. Benson weighs 225 pounds, and no one ever heard him bragging of it."

Everybody laughed. Papa shouted. It was such a surprise, and grandma got up and left the room to keep from choking with laughter.

Johnny saw them all look at him, and after a minute or two began to "smell a mouse," as the saying goes.

"Papa," said he, "what are you all laughing about. Is it at me?"

"Well, we are not exactly laughing at you. We thought we would try your way of boasting of our accomplishments, and see how you thought it sounded; but mamma spoiled our game before we had finished it."

Johnny looked rather sheepish the rest of the evening. He wondered if he was as disagreeable as the older folk that evening when he boasted of what he could do or had done. He was forced to admit that boasting sounded very unpleasant, and he resolved to break himself of the habit.—Our Morning Globe.

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Ben Butler was a terror and torment to the judges. On one occasion Judge Sanger, having been bullied and badgered out of all patience asked, "What does the counsel suppose I am on this bench for?"

Scratching his head a minute, Butler replied:

"Well, I confess, your Honor's got me there."